THE

Irish Garland

OR,

The Undaunted Courage of the Protestant Arm the Conquest of that Kingdom.

Composed of variety of

New Songs

Fitted to this present Time.

With a *Second Part* of Court SONGS, delightfull both City and County.

W.N.H.
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HARDING

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The First Part.

I. A Song of the Landing of the Forces under Duke Schomberg, with their happy Proceedings.

II. A Song of an Irish Priest taken in an Old Womans Habit as a Spie, crying Brandy in the Protestant Army.

III. The Protestant's Wish: or, The Destruction of the Rebels.

IV. The Protestant Army's Courage in the hopefull Conquest of Ireland.

The Second Part.

I. The Good Wives Complaint: or, Need makes the good Old Wife Trot.

II. The Jealous Lover's Complaint.

III. The Contented Courtier.

IV. The Young Man's Expostulation.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.

The IRISH GARLAND, &c.

A Song of the Landing of the Forces under Duke Schomberg, *with their Happy Proceedings.*

Tune of Cannons Roar.

NOw have Boys we are got o'er,
to the gallant Irish Shore;
Where our Cannons they shall roar,
to bring the Rebells under:
Our Courage shall be now reveal'd,
Till we make the Papists yield,
Having still with us in Field,
The valiant Great Duke *Schomberg.*

For King William of Renown,
Boys, we will maintain the Crown,
Cut those Romish Rebels down,
although a mighty Number:
And in short we'll check their Pride,
After that their Land divide,
While we here, have on our side,
The valiant Great Duke *Schomberg.*

And the Enemies we'll Face,
Towns and Castle-walls we'll Raze,
Protestants shall now take place,
those warlike Sons of Thunder.
Fight we will, Boys, stand or fall,
And the French and Tories maul,

Having

Having a mighty General,
The valiant Great Duke *Schomberg*.

These stout Inniskilling Boys,
Often routed the Dear-Joys,
With a warlike thundring Noise,
which often roar'd like Thunder:
Now we're joyned to their Force,
We the Rebels soon shall Trols,
With our Armed Foot and Horse,
under the Great Duke *Schomberg*.

Protestants come in amain,
Daily adding to our Train,
Who the Kingdom shall regain,
and fill their Ears with wonder:
For our noble Armed Band,
Soon will over-spread the Land,
Fighting both with Heart and Hand,
under the Great Duke *Schomberg*.

Nay, we'll chase the Romish Slaves
To the Mountains, Bogs, and Caves,
Where they then may make their Graves,
for some quite cut asunder:
Let them to St. Patrick pray,
When they find their strength decay,
For we will maintain the Fray,
under the Great Duke *Schomberg*.

Gracious good King Willam he,
Grants his sweet Indemnity,

Lands, with Lives, and Liberty,
to more or less in number,
That will now lay down their Arms;
On those good and Gracious Terms,
Keeping them from future harms,
under the Great Duke *Schomberg*.

But if this they will refuse,
Lands and Lives at length they'll loose,
Not a Rebel we'll excuse,
but cut the Rogues asunder:
With them, we will havock make,
And their mighty Castle shake,
Towns likewise by Storm we'll take,
under the Great Duke *Schomberg*.

A Song of an Irish Priest taken in an Old Womans Habit as a Spie, crying *Brandy* in the Protestant Army.

Tune of *Lilli Burlero*.

AN Irish Priest was taken a Spye,
in the Royal Camp, there of late;
All the Out-guards, he then did pass by,
being disguis'd at such a strange rate:
In the Garb of an Old Woman,
like Mother Shipton he was array'd,
'Twas old Father Petres, or one of his Creatures,
went through the whole Camp then crying his Trade.

Thus

Thus through the Camp he went in disguise
saying, Who'll buy my fine Ginger-bread?
Cloath'd in a Gown of Irish Frieze,
having a High-crown'd-hat on his Head:
Here's your dainty curious Brandy,
it is as good as ever was made;
Likewise do you lack hoe, a Pipe of Tobacco,
and thus he went on a crying his Trade.

A noble Captain with him did meet,
who to his Soldiers straitway did call,
Promising that he would give them a Treat,
then bought the Brandy, Barrel and all,
Which he gave to all his Souldiers,
bidding them drink their Majesties Health:
Then Loyal Caps flying, the Souldiers all crying,
long, long, may they Reign with Honour and Wealth.

The Priest he stood like old Mother Bunch,
having a Purse and Keys by her side,
One of the Souldiers gave him a Punch:
Oh! do not kill an Old Woman he cry'd:
This Great Health they'd make her drink it,
placing her straightway upon a high Gun,
She seemed to grumble, and down she did tumble,
which made amongst them most notable Fun.

Now by the fall, his Bum was laid bare,
and a Man-Thomas strait they beheld;
This is a Spye, they all did declare,
e'ery true Soul with Anger was fill'd.
Straight they bound him with a Halter,
dragging him to a River hard by,

With

With sorrowfull Ditty, he cry'd out for Pity,
but yet he was Drench'd most sorrowfully.

This being done, they stript off his Cloaths,
making him run the Gauntlet too;
Protestant Boys did follow their blows,
as the whole Camp, he then did run through:
How the Rogue did Skip and Scamper,
running and roaring like a wild Boar:
For why, they had stript him, and gallantly whipt him;
no Jesuit e'er was serv'd so before.

Tho' many drops of Bloud he had spilt,
yet they resolv'd to punish him still,
For his own ule, a Gibbet they built,
where he was forc'd to make his last Will:
Tho' he made sad sowre Faces,
nothing of this his Crime would excuse;
Yet mind well the Story, in this he did Glory,
as having the luck to dye in his Shoes.

The Protestant's Wish: Or, The Destruction of the Rebels.

To the Tune of *The Orange.*

MAy those who presume, to Plot still for Rome
Have utter Destruction still fall to their Doom;
While William our King, who did Happiness bring,
May have his Fame thorough all Christendom Ring;
to his Glory.

Men

Nay e'ery falle Scot, who Treason would Plot,
Have Hunger and Cold ever fall to his Lot,
Nay it farther extend, if he thus will offend,
I wish, that in brief, they may hang till they mend,
In a Halter.

There's many more too, which mischief would brew,
I mean those that are of the grumbling Crew;
Let those be suppress as well as the rest,
And then the whole Kingdom will soon be blest,
From all Faction.

Nay the Irish Teagues for their late Intreagues,
Be forc'd in Distraction, to fly many Leagues;
From their Native Land, while our Strong-armed-band
Shall every City and Castle Command,
In that Kingdom.

Nay Lewis alone make pitiful moan,
And forced at last to surrender his Throne,
For his mischief making, and Rebels part taking;
I wish with my Heart, he may never Pils waking,
perjur'd Lewis.

Now may Heaven afford our Great Sovereign Lord
A Blessing along with his Conqu'ring Sword;
The Work to compleat, and make Rebels retreat,
Or beg the sweet Clemency low at the Feet
of King William.

Who crossed the Main, our Rights to maintain,
And purg'd away all the whole Jesuite Train;

When

When our Liberties all, like a tottering Wall,
Was every hour expecting to fall,
by the Papists.

Old Lewis begar, by Mahomet do swear,
Dat de English-man bid his Teeth he could tear;
He is so devout, that he makes no great doubt,
But he'll send a fresh Army, Great Schomberg to re
in a Hop-sack.

The Protestants Army's Courage in the hopefull Conquest of *Ireland*.

To the Tune of *The Glory of London-Derry*.

SOund the Trumpets, Beat the Drum,
The brave Armed Troops are come
To Great Ireland at last,
Which will the Roman's Glory blast.

Tho' they play'd the Rogue a while,
And did Protestants revile;
They for this shall dearly pay,
We fear not but to win the Day.

We have on the Irish Shore,
Thirty thousand Men and more,
Soldiers of undaunted Might,
Who will like noble Champions fight.

To the City Walls we'll go,
Where in brief, we'll lay them low,

f they don't ſurrender ſoon,
We'll play the Rogues a War-like Tune.

Drums and Trumpets they ſhall ſound,
While our Cannons tear the Ground;
Teague no longer now may boaſt,
For Proteſtants will rule the Roaſt.

Now or Never, once they cry'd,
But we'll down with all their Pride;
Likewiſe let them underſtand,
We will be Maſters of that Land.

Tho' they Mortgag'd this fair Iſle,
To the French King for a while;
We are come to pay the Score,
And he ſhall ne'er enjoy it more.

All his Charges, Care, and Coſt,
In this Expedition's loſt;
For the Iriſh daily yield,
To our Great Schomberg in the Field.

They wiſh with all their Heart,
That they'd kept at Plough and Cart,
Rather than to Fight for France,
Such Foreign Strangers to advance.

The French were ſo inſolent,
That [illegible] caus'd much Diſcontent,
Making of a private League,
To put [illegible]e Starve upon poor Teague.

But he Threest he then did swear,
That before he'd this with bear;
Freely he would joyn with those,
Who are more liker Friends than Foes.

William our renowned King,
Under his protecting Wing;
E'ery Soul may happy be,
In wholsome Laws, Lives, Liberty.

A SECOND PART
CONTAINING
The Good Wives Complaint, toget with New Songs.

The Good Wives Complaint, or Need makes Good old Wife Trot.

To the Tune of *I Marry and Thank ye too.*

GOod People I pray y' behold,
I have Marry'd an idle Sot,
He has spent five hundred Pounds in Gold,
now Needs makes the Good old Wife Trot.

When I was a Damsel gay,
true Pleasure was all my Lot;

now I Labour Night and Day,
Need makes the Good old Wife Trot.

Husband wont pinch nor spare,
ut follow the Pipe and the Pot,
ile I am forc'd to take all the Care,
eed makes, &c.

Labour I am inclin'd,
nd run thorough Cold and Hot,
Frost and Snow, Rain, Hail or Wind;
eed makes, &c.

ought him both House and Land,
ith Treasure, I know not what,
this he Mortgag'd out of hand,
eed makes, &c.

Taverns he'll Rant and Roar,
nd freely pay all the Shot,
ile I am forc'd to work for more,
eed makes, &c.

yes in his Bed till Noon,
nd snores like a drunken Sot,
I am forc'd to rise full soon,
eed makes the Good old Wife Trot.

en I was a Damsel bright,
was drest in my fine Top-knot;
now the Case is alter'd quite,
eed makes the Good old Wife Trot.

My Daughter and eke my Son,
must have their Provision got;
This done, away to Field I run,
need makes the Good old Wife Trot.

My Cattle to tend and feed,
the which may not be forgot,
Then Home again with haste and speed,
need makes the Good old Wife Trot.

In Corners I may not luck,
for let it be Cold or Hot;
Whoever plays, I am forc'd to work,
need makes the Good old Wife Trot.

Yet this I with Patience bear,
now seeing it is my Lot;
A Married Life is full of Care,
need makes the Good old Wife Trot.

The Jealous Lover's Complaint.

By what I've seen, I am undone,
and cannot longer live;
Strephon or Dorinda's Heart has won,
the Prize I saw her give:
Whereas before her Heart was his,
she gave it him over again;
She unconcern'd receiv'd the Bliss,
I Languish, Languish to obtain.

nel Dorinda ceaſe to give
hoſe looks when I am by,
nnot my Rival happy live,
unleſs you ſee me Dye?
you delight to Torture me,
I never will Complain,
t let not him my Torment ſee,
o Glory, Glory in my Pain.

The Contented Courtier. To a New Tune.

MIght I enjoy the greateſt Bliſs,
that e'er in Love was known,
would be the greateſt of my Wiſh,
to injoy her Heart alone:
ings might injoy their Kingdoms free,
and Crowns unenvy'd wear:
hey ſhould no Rival have of me,
no, no, they ſhould no Rival have of me,
ight I Reign Monarch there.

The Young Man's Expoſtulation. To a New Tune.

Till wilt thou ſigh, and ſtill in vain,
a Cold neglectfull Nimph adore,
o longer fruitleſly complain,
but to thy ſelf, thy ſelf reſtore:
youth, thou Caught's the Diſeaſe,
And mayſt abandon it in Age;

Some other Nimph as well may please,
Absence and Baseness disingage.

On tender hearts the wounds of Love,
like those imprinted on young Trees
Kill at first, or else they'll prove
larger by insensible Degrees:
Business I try'd, the fill'd my mind,
on others Lips, my Dear I kiss;
But never solid Joy could find,
where I my Charming Silvia miss.

Long absence like a Green-Land Night,
made me wish for Sun the more,
And that inimitable Light,
she none, but she can e'er restore:
She never once regard your Fire,
nor ever vents one sigh for thee;
I must the glorious Sun admire,
tho' it can never look on me.

FINIS.

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